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# ZION'S HERALD

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Rev Dr Durbin

## GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

Ig! Babe in yonder manger!  
Babe, yet very King is he,  
Lying there, a tiny stranger,  
Saviour of the world to be.

At his feet the "wise" are bowing,  
Gifts of spice and myrrh they bring,  
All his heavenly claim allowing,  
While celestial heralds sing,—

"To our God in glory, glory!"

"Joyful news we bring to earth;"

"Never was told a sweeter story;

"Lo! the Christ to-day has birth!"

Through the ages long have waited  
Kings and prophets this to see;

Now He comes with blessings freighted—

Come to set the nations free.

There, in swaddling clothes behold him,  
Wondrous Babe in Bethlehem born;

See! a mother's arms enfold him

In his manger-bed forlorn.

Lowly birth, yet glorious mission  
His, to scatter sin and night;  
Seeds to lead to heights elysian,  
Out of darkness into light.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ages since Thy birth have hastened,

Generations passed away

Since for man Thy soul death tasted

On the hill of Calvary.

Once a babe, but King forever,

And the world's Redeemer, Thon!

Firm be every son's endeavor

Lord of all to crown Thee now.

On Thy throne forever seated,  
While the shining hosts adore,

Never shall by scheme defeated—

Man to ransom and restore.

CHAPTER ON EYES, AND HOW  
TO USE THEM.

BY REV. MARK TRAUTON, D. D.

The average school-boy, given this object as a theme for a composition, would probably say: "Eyes are a good thing, and are made to see with. All living creatures have eyes; though I have read of some fishes found in waters in caves where there is no light, without eyes. As there is no light, they do not need eyes. And I have heard of a Mr. Darwin, a great philosopher, who says that all these things grow by necessity and use. The long ears of the dog are made by his efforts to hear, and as he has more curiosity than the horse, and can kick harder, his ears are stretched by the effort. So eyes grow by the effort to see. I don't know what we should do without eyes." So far the school-boy; the teacher drawing his pen through the kicking part as irreverent.

The writer having had some experience in the matter of eyes, which may be of use to the reader, if young, he proposes to stand up and relate his experience. To live to be 65 years of age, and yet to be able to read all type in a good light, without artificial aid, is not a very common phenomenon; yet I could do this; and, what is more, for the last five years my sight improved so that glasses of diminished power sufficed for night reading.

Some twenty-five years since, I began to perceive a slight change in my eyes, rendering an increased distance between the eye and book necessary. My watchful wife suggested "tongs or glasses, as your arms will soon be too short." But I had adopted the theory that nature, if trusted, will bring about an adaptation to the circumstances; thus unconsciously falling into Darwinianism. There was another factor connected with this problem which I had overlooked, viz., compensations. Nature kindly leaves our drafts upon her, and for long years bears with our recklessness; but she is an inexorable creditor. She calls for a settlement at last, demanding the full claim, and often bankrupts us. "Oh, it does me no harm," says the young fast liver, while indulging his passions and appetites. No, not at present; but soon you do not feel it; but soon your drafts are returned, on which is written, "No funds." I shall not put on glasses, I said. I cannot submit to the annoyance of having to draw out my spectacles every time I want to read a line. Nature will see to this; and she did. My persistent effort prevented the shortening of the muscles, the usual flattening of the globe of the eye, and the consequent change in the focal point which takes place as age comes on. Here, then, was a grand triumph over nature, and a discovery, if not of the elixir of life, yet of the secret of preserving the sight unimpaired for an indefinite term. I can fancy all this

time nature was laughing at my folly, and saw me storing up, if not wrath, acute suffering for months to come. I was daily violating a law, and the penalty must come at last, as there is no mercy or forgiveness here. No atonement can turn aside the infliction or heal the breach in the broken law.

The due and proper exercise of muscular organization, no doubt promotes growth and develops power, while, carried to excess, it weakens and destroys. This is an immutable law.

The man who has overworked himself, putting undue strain upon certain muscles, finds at last a loss of tension, and pains, cramps and terrible distortions testify to the offense against nature. "You worked too hard in early life;" or, "You have indulged your appetite when you should have been abstinent," says Dr. Bolus to the prematurely old man, bowed and racked by rheumatic pains or tortured by dyspepsia. "Doth not nature teach?" Now this is precisely what I did with my eyes. The muscles were daily under a strain that no organization can stand for 'any length of time without giving way.

Let us see what was the result, and how it was brought about. Just what takes place in the overwork of any other muscle or organ of the body occurred in the eye. The abused part rebelled and refused further normal action; the overworked animal, denied the natural stimulus of food and rest, now disregarded the application of the whip and spur, and just lay down.

I had been out at work in my garden under a burning sun, and had drawn myself upon my lounge for rest, when a sudden, sharp, stinging pain was felt in my left eye. I supposed some foreign substance had got into it, and ran to the pump and washed it in cold water. In vain, however; the difficulty still remained, and soon I saw unmistakable signs of inflammation. I ought at once to have given up and consulted an oculist, but supposing it to be but a temporary affection, I kept about my work, and in a few weeks both eyes were badly inflamed. It is unnecessary to go into the history of the four weary months of privation, confinement and suffering; enough to say that I paid every draft I had drawn on indulgent nature, cent per cent, all that I owed, save the last debt for life itself, which I hope to wipe off at once, and not by installments.

My next error was in resorting to general, instead of specific, treatment. "It's in the blood, and if we can purify that, the disease will be removed." Yes, if; there is much in that little particle. Do not tamper with your eyes, and beware of quacks. I laugh now, even while writing, when thinking of the remedies recommended and used all summer. Red-stocked plantain, mustard plasters, elderberry flowers and laudanum, Retts' eye-salve, alum-curds, the juice of raw onions injected into the eye (horror!), raw potatoes to a poultice, camphor water, cold tea—all were tried, and in vain. At last I consulted an oculist—Dr. Williams of Boston—and the mystery was explained—granulation of the eyelids; and nothing removes this but cauterization. He applied the blue vitriol, and has repeated it a dozen times, until I am nearly well. "You should have come to me at once," said he, "and in a week I could have cured you." Ah, we are ruined by delays!

The human eye changes by imperceptible degrees, slowly flattening, and thus changing the focal point of the rays of light upon the retina. My error was in not submitting to this process, and meeting it with the use of glasses; but in making an effort to read, I kept a strain upon the muscles, and when they gave way it was all at once, and I was as conscious of the change as one can be in suddenly passing from pain to ease. Returning from my usual excursion into the Maine woods, on board the steamboat from Bangor, I suddenly perceived a blur upon my left eye which rendered vision indistinct. I went to my stateroom, applied a lotion of rose-water, and washed it out, but it was of no avail. In about an hour the other eye was affected in the same manner. I was startled. Was I becoming blind? My first thought

they served to while away many weary hours.

His mother told me his story one day. A fine, healthy child of eight months, he had fallen through the banisters at the head of the stairs, and from that time his lower limbs had ceased to grow proportionately with the upper part of the body, though it was not till he was eight or ten years old that the permanent and repulsive deformity began to show itself.

Since then, for twenty-seven years, he had just sat in that chair. Can any one imagine a more purposeless life? Yet he did not seem to sit so. Once he said, —

"If I only lived in the city now, I could make a great deal of money and help support mother."

"How?" I asked.

"Oh, I would have a stand and sell apples, oranges and nuts."

"Indeed, I couldn't spare him," said the mother, "he's such company for me. You see all my other boys grow up and had to go away and leave me, but this one will be mine always. I don't know how I should get along without him."

The flush of absolute delight which lit up the poor fellow's face at these words caused me to say, "How pleasant it is to be of use, if only just by living;" and I went on my way pondering over what seemed to me as pretty a piece of real sentiment as I had ever heard, albeit spoken by an old, not over-cleanly Irish mother of her deformed, repulsive-looking boy.

Travelers hailed that shining star, Journeying followed it from far; Over hills and over valleys Sought a prince in stately palace, Found him not afar, afar.

But at last, in humble guise, Poor, unknown to great and wise, Cradled in a lowly manger, There they find the heavenly stranger, And their veil adoring eyes.

Then—thus runs the story old— Gifts they offer, gems and gold, Myrrh and frankincense, rich treasure Pour them out in lavish measure, Nor all reverence they withhold.

For this Babe so poor and low, Coming centuries ago, To earth's woes, the griefs of mortals, Came from heaven's shining portals, Gift of God to men at last.

Gift of God! No tongue can tell What that means! What befell, How he sorrowed, how he suffered, As a rich oblation offered His life for us, you know well.

Gift of God! You know it all, How this day for Him we call; Day of love and kindly greeting, Day of gifts and friendly meeting, Day of charity for all.

## WHO RANG THE BELL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

He had sat there almost as long as I could remember. The little hollow-seated chair, with its short legs, un-painted and unvarnished as it was, had taken a polish of its own from such continuous use. In summer he sat just outside of the glass door on the north and in the cool shadow of the house, and in winter just inside of the shop door. I never knew his name, and I don't know how it was that I first came to do it, but somehow I found myself saying "Good morning" whenever I went around the corner at the other end of the bridge, being well rewarded by the flush of pleasure which always flashed across the plain, almost repulsive face. He had a little Spitz dog for company, and was often surrounded by a flock of tame pigeons, who hopped about on the pavement and ate easily out of his hand, so nearly was he on their level; not three feet high, yet with the head, shoulders and chest of a man, and the legs and feet of an infant. A wearisome existence, one would think; yet he never looked dull, and when our acquaintance ripened into a speaking one, he never spoke as if he felt so.

I say ripened, for I do not believe in forcing one's self upon the poor any more than on the rich, and I waited to meet half way. I think it was the dog that first drew us together. I am a great lover of animals, and my cat being in need of something the home larder did not supply, gave me an excuse for entering the little shop. After that we were friends, and I used to bring newspapers with stories in them; and, second-hand though they were,

they served to while away many weary hours.

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see you, and I was afraid ye wouldn't come in time."

"In time for what? Is my little friend ill?" said I, looking sadly at the low chair where only the Spitz was "company" now.

"Yes, honey, he's that bad with the rheumatiz—" I said, "I thought it—that the doctor's giv' him up, and he said he wanted so much for to see you and tell ye something."

"But how did it happen?" said I, thinking with mixed sensations of the mother's loneliness and his blessed release from that monotonous life.

"Did he get wet in the inundation?"

"Yes, sure, if that's what ye call it with the big freshet. He never was well a bit since he rung the bell."

"Did he ring the church bell?"

"They told me no one knew who it was. How could he do it?"

"Deed, an' he did thin, an' when I found him where he'd been up to his neck in the wather, he was that cold as if he had been dipped in ice. Ye see I was runnin' about distracted like lookin' for him, while all the people was busy gettin' out their things an' carryin' out the children, an' course I never thought of lookin' in the church. Thru whin the weather came, I had to run with the rest, an' when it was all over, and we ventured to come back, I heard his voice a callin', an' me an' the sexton opened the church door an' went into the bell-tower, an' there he sat upon the winder ledge soaked through an' through."

"But how could it—" I was beginnin' when a moan up-stairs caught the ear of the watchful mother.

"It's the pain, poor darlin'," she returned again directly, however, saying, "He says he knows the lady's voice and wants her to come up and see him. Will you come?"

Of course I followed, and there upon his poor bed of suffering lay my little deformed friend. His deformity was less conspicuous now than the branches of the family within reach came together to keep the old-time festival. As usual, we spent many hours of those delightful preparation days down at the church, twining the shining green garlands and shaping the illuminated texts which were to make beautiful the footprints of the coming King. Here among much of the neighborhood gossip I learned the particulars of the autumn inundation which had ruined so much property, and at one time threatened utter destruction to the low-lying parts of the town. The village calamity had, of course, been announced to me by letter, but the details were all new, and a large part of the conversation was devoted to recounting them. It seemed that a great stream of water, liberated by the broken dam above, had overflowed the whole lower portion where stood the thickly-clustered dwellings of the poor, flooding the lower and in some cases the second stories, and sweeping away or destroying whatever was in the path of the waters. But the people, warned by the mysterious ringing of the church bell near the bridge, had been able to remove all the women and children and the greater part of their valuables in time to a place of safety. Who had rung the bell, I wanted to thank you for tellin' me. It is noise-like."

"But what made you think of it? How did you know?"

"I've sat by the bridge there many a long year an' listened to the roarin' of the waters. I know whin a freshet's a-comin', and I know this 'ud be the biggest ever we'd see. I looked at all the little children playin' round, children with long legs an' straight backs, an' I thought how their mothers 'ud miss em if they was drowned. I called out, but there didn't no one hear me. Mother was up street an' left me to moind shop. So I crawled along to the church—it's next door but one, you know—but I never wint there before. It seemed an awful long way to go on my hands and knees, and I was afraid I would be too late. I crep' in through the place where they put in the coal, an' I found the tower where the bell is, an' got hold of the rope which hung down to the floor, and pulled red hard. I'm strong in the hands."

## Miscellaneous.

## RELIGIOUS DECLENSION.

BY REV. DANIEL DORCHESTER, D. D.

Read before the Boston Preachers' Meeting Dec. 13.]

The discussions of the last few weeks, in these meetings, have been upon the subject of religious declension. They commenced with an inquiry in regard to the status of Methodism in Boston as compared with former times, particularly forty years ago. But the speakers have taken a wide range, and heavy allegations have been made, of a general decline in Methodism and in the evangelical churches in the whole country.

I will speak, first, and briefly, upon the general subject of religious declension.

These brethren have talked just as we used to hear brethren talk thirty or forty years ago. It is the same thing repeated, a similar citation of facts, the same kind of tones, the same references to what the "fathers" used to do, the same talk about the powerful meetings, mighty sermons and great revivals of thirty or forty years before that time; and, shall I say, the same pious cant? We used to call such talk croaking; but as we do not call everything bowdais by the same names we once did, and as this term is offensive, I suppose we must invent some other term.

I scarcely need to say that I appreciate legitimate efforts to arouse and quicken the church. We need it. But the style of complaint and comparison to which I have referred not calculated to produce this result. It is, moreover, a dangerous weapon to use.

It is almost sure to engender a spirit of censoriousness in some, despondency in others, and ranting in others, all of which are elements of weakness. It is easy to become morbid in this direction, and then it is easy to eloquent; but it is a lugubrious eloquence, that brings darkness rather than light and breathes death rather than life.

Some ministers, when they want a revival, go to telling the church that it is dead. They berate and scold the church because it is dead. Just as though it ever amounted to anything to tell a dead man that he is dead!

Such talking never arouses a church, and, my brethren, it is a cheap and lazy way of trying to do our duty. Sometimes it is a very ill-natured way of doing it, and savors more of spleen than of grace. Too many, however, concentrate more on these unwise and unseemly methods than on real work, which alone can lay the foundation of a true revival. This has long been an element of weakness with us.

It is not that brethren think that there are evils and evil tendencies in our churches, and desire to convict them of derelictions, that I complain; and those who regularly hear me preach will not suspect me of any such thing. Evils there are, as there ever have been; some new phases of evils in the churches, just as there always were; and they should not be blamed at, but attacked and routed. I will not be understood as palliating any evils. But we must remember that nothing is proved right or wrong by comparing the present with the past. We can never convict the Church of the present day of wrong-doing or of shortcoming by telling how Methodists used to do. If there is any thing wrong in the Church to-day, it is because the thing is inherently wrong. To fall back on a chronic habit or tendency to rant, on any subject, is a weakness and does harm. Coldness and lukewarmness are always criminal. Whether the fathers were as cold and lukewarm as we are, or less, or more so, is of little consequence to us.

Now, is it probable that the same methods employed by the fathers will always be attended by the same results, even when used with equal faith and zeal? The same kind of preaching, by the same men, would probably not produce the same results. The labors of the fathers, under God, were successful, because they were well adapted, in message and manner, to their times; and we shall succeed if our message and methods are adapted to our times, and are employed with true faith and zeal.

Complaint has been made of a decline in the spirit of loyalty to Methodism in our days; and the devotion to Methodism which characterized the churches forty years ago has been extolled. A very unfortunate period to refer to! At no time in the history of the Methodist Church was there so much of a spirit of disloyalty to our economy, as from 1830 to 1860, during the agitation connected with the schisms in which the Protestant, the Wesleyan, the Southern Methodist and Free Methodist Churches had their origin, especially from 1830 to 1850.

It has been said, too, that there is less of brotherly feeling among the Methodist ministers than forty years ago. This is a great mistake. There is not a tinge of bitterness among us that there was at that very time, running through a period of fifteen or twenty years.

But it is said there is a decline of power. A decline of physical demonstrations, in the membership and the ministry, has indeed taken place; and I suppose we may as well conclude, first as last, that we are not likely to have them ever return; and, for one, I do not sigh for them, nor will it do any good to worry about them. I am not troubled about any kind of outward demonstrations which come by the operation of the Holy Spirit. My heart is large enough to worship happily with any genuine, enthusiastic Christian. I enjoy such meetings. It is legitimate. But the abnormal and violent demonstrations were harmful, and were deplored by Wesley, Asbury and others, and we do not want that kind of power.

But it is said there is great spiritual inefficiency compared with forty years

ago; that then the churches were prosperous; that they had great revivals, frequent revivals; that prayer-meetings then "amounted to something." We might suppose, from some of the talk here, in this discussion, that the churches had no hard times spiritually, no declensions, no evils, and only holy and zealous members. Never were men more mistaken. There is far more peace and harmony than then in the churches. We have less occasion to expel members for out-breaking sins. They had seasons of low declension and barrenness, as we have now, only the intervals between revivals are not so long as in the first third of this century; and, consequently, the revivals are not so marked or exciting. Taken all in all, the average condition of the churches, for almost any six or eight years consecutively, is much better spiritually. If we do not rise as high, neither do we sink as low.

We have lost, as Methodists, some of our peculiarities. It was inevitable that we should, because there is no longer occasion for some of them, and others appear less strikingly in us because other denominations have borrowed them. We must remember that the world does not advance backwards, and that it is as absurd for us to reach back after some of those peculiarities as for us to go back from railroads to stage-coaches and the old one-horse shay. Others of our peculiarities need to be cherished.

But as to the alleged loss of spiritual power, I remember distinctly how much was said on the same line between 1840 and 1850. I remember hearing my father, who commenced preaching in 1816, say that from 1816 to 1820 he often met good brethren and sisters who groaned over the loss of power in the Methodist Church, and glowingly referred to the success of the fathers. The fact is that, in respect to progress and declensions, things were then very much as they are now, only, as I have already said, the declensions were longer and worse in their effects than now.

The last three or four years, as we shall see, as I proceed in my remarks, have been a period of declension in some sections, particularly in the New England and Providence Conferences. I am not justifying declension, but correcting misapprehension. It should not be forgotten that the progress of the Church, like the advance of society, is not in straight and uniform lines. There are many variations. Ebb and flow seem to characterize all moral and religious movements. As the world and the Church become more intelligent and cultivated, the progress of both will probably become more uniform. Nothing is more common than misapprehensions about the former days. The fact is, that while the Church was advancing into new territory, organizing new churches, and swelling her aggregates of membership, the individual churches were often dragging a feeble and sickly existence. Large numbers of societies died in the period of which brethren are, as there ever have been; some new phases of evils in the churches, just as there always were; and they should not be blamed at, but attacked and routed. I will not be understood as palliating any evils. But we must remember that nothing is proved right or wrong by comparing the present with the past. We can never convict the Church of the present day of wrong-doing or of shortcoming by telling how Methodists used to do. If there is any thing wrong in the Church to-day, it is because the thing is inherently wrong. To fall back on a chronic habit or tendency to rant, on any subject, is a weakness and does harm. Coldness and lukewarmness are always criminal. Whether the fathers were as cold and lukewarm as we are, or less, or more so, is of little consequence to us.

A brief analysis of the statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, year by year, will suggest some striking facts. From 1765 to 1791, there was a gradual increase, from 5 members to 76,153 members. During these twenty-five years there were two years of decrease — 1778 and 1780 — during the Revolutionary War. From 1780 to 1790 there was an average yearly increase of 4,912 members, so that we had 76,153 members in 1791. From 1791 to 1802 the number was smaller than in 1791, sinking from 76,153 down to 56,664 in 1796 — a loss of nearly 20,000 in five years. It took eleven years — a gain of 49 in eight years.

In the next eleven years — 1802-1813 — the number increased to 214,307, an average yearly gain of more than 11,000. Then followed three years of lower numbers — 1812-1816 — the time of the war with England. From 1816-1855 was a period of steady, rapid growth, increasing from 214,235 to 652,88 — an average yearly gain of over 23,000. In 1836 there was a decrease of 1,850 members. From 1837 to 1844 there was a large increase of 526,915, or 75,272 yearly — the greatest in any period up to that time. From 1844 to 1848 there were years of decrease — schism North and South, and Wesleyan, etc. From 1848 to 1861 there was an increase of 355,381, or 27,337 yearly. From 1861 to 1864 there was a decrease of 71,063 members. In 1864 there was an increase of only 4,926; and in 1865 only 939. From 1866-1880 the increase was 717,816 members, or over 50,000 annually. In three successive years — 1866, '67 & '68 — there was a gain of from 102,000 to 113,000 annually. In one year (1873) the gain was only 5,586, but the next year it went up to 99,000. In the last four years it was over 25,000 annually. In fourteen years — 1866-1880 — we increased about 717,816. In fourteen years — 1830-1844 — we increased 703,290. These are the two periods of the most rapid growth, the latter a little exceeding the former.

Next take the New England and the Providence Conferences, since their separation in 1840. They occupy the same territory as was occupied by the New England Conference from 1830 to 1840. During these forty years there have been some years of decrease: The New England Conference, 8 years; Providence Conference, 16 years. Of the eight instances of decrease in the New England

Conference, five were in the 17 years between 1840-1857, amounting to 3,417 members; and three in the 23 years from 1857-1880, amounting to 1,825 members. Of the 16 instances of decrease in the Providence Conference, eight were in the first 20 years, amounting to 4,729 members, and eight in the last 20 years, amounting to 1,946 members. In 1843 the New England Conference had increased from 12,082 members in 1841, to 16,100 members; but this was the highest figure for the next eleven years. From 1843 to 1854 was a period of decline, going down at one time to 12,984. In 1854 we came back again to 16,102. It is a remarkable fact that the same thing was never in a better condition, and more fully accomplishing the great design of the Church in its establishment. The editorial departments are ably and efficiently sustained. On entering the editorial sanctum of the *Christian Advocate*, we find Dr. Buckley, the editor-in-chief, busy, pen in hand, preparing for the next issue of his paper. His kind salutations, and offering us the use of writing materials in his room, were highly appreciated. He is evidently intent on placing the *Advocate* at the highest point of excellence, and we doubt not will be successful. Dr. DePuy, the assistant editor, has the rare faculty of making you feel at home, and by his easy, ready conversational power, makes his presence a pleasure. What he does not know in current Methodist news is scarcely worth knowing. We may have something to say of the editorial departments of the *Quarterly Review* and *Sunday-school publications* hereafter. It is sufficient to say for the present that they are highly satisfactory, and are doing a noble work for the Church.

THE NEW YORK PREACHERS' MEETING is considering the best methods of increasing the amount of the missionary contributions. We listened to several earnest and able addresses on the subject, which we doubt not, will accomplish the object intended. But we failed to hear any of the speakers advocate the giving to the people a greater amount of missionary intelligence. We believe when the people receive a proper amount of such intelligence, there will be no lack of missionary funds.

## THE TEMPERANCE

cause is evidently receiving special attention in the city and vicinity. Many of the pulpits are speaking out on the subject clearly and strongly. A series of temperance meetings are to be held in the Academy of Music, addressed by many of the leading clergymen. This is a new movement in the right direction, and must awaken a new interest on the subject, especially among a class not ordinarily reached by the usual temperance agencies.

## SPECIAL REVIVAL SERVICES

are held in many of our churches, and are attended with excellent results. We judge that a general revival of religion is greatly needed here, and we trust it will be experienced. Present appearances indicate such a result.

R. W. ALLEN.

The last ten years we have equaled the gain in the most prosperous decade known. The period 1830-1840 was an extraordinary one. There were numerous great excitements.

Looking, then, at the Church as a whole, and also in the limits of the New England and Providence Conferences, we see no ground for any unfavorable comparisons of the recent growth with that of former periods.

When we turn to the cities, and study them, we find ourselves handling a problem of great magnitude and of many complex phases. No slight inquiry or hasty examination of a few of the more obvious statistics will suffice for its solution. We must discriminately study the underlying conditions, and seek the statistics which cover the points involved.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

THE WYCLIFFE ANNIVERSARY.

The semi-millennial celebration of the first translation of the Bible into the English language in the Academy of Music, was one of the most interesting and important religious public gatherings ever witnessed in this city. The great Academy building was crowded, even the standing room occupied, by perhaps as intelligent an audience as was ever convened in any city, and on the platform were many of the leading ministers and laymen of the city and vicinity. The great Academy building was crowded, even the standing room occupied, by perhaps as intelligent an audience as was ever convened in any city, and on the platform were many of the leading ministers and laymen of the city and vicinity. The great Academy building was crowded, even the standing room occupied, by perhaps as intelligent an audience as was ever convened in any city, and on the platform were many of the leading ministers and laymen of the city and vicinity.

Joseph has always been a favorite character with Bible readers, old and young. He has passed the more trying ordeal of the criticism of Bible students, in the last few months, and stands higher to-day than ever before in the esteem of the world. It may be well to gather a few facts out of his history.

He was not a dreamer, though he dreamed. His first recorded dreams were a test of his faith. They were to him a revelation of God's purpose in his life. He recognized them as such, and had faith in the God who made the plan and the revelation of it. There is nothing in the story of his life which more clearly stamps him as a man of faith than his treatment of the dreams of the chief butler and the chief baker. Ten or eleven years had passed since God revealed to him in a dream that he should take the principal place among his father's sons, and receive their tribute of respect. That revelation was followed, almost immediately, by the brutal action of his brethren. Sold into slavery, he was faithful to God, but for doing right was cast into prison. Only a man of stalwart faith could have maintained, under such circumstances, his belief in a God who reveals the future. He attained in a fourth of that time. The most perfectly poised men in the world are those who carry heavy burdens. He who under a heavy load stoops from absolute erectness of position will be crushed, but he who maintains his upright heart is the supreme test of fitness for rulership. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." There is no reason for supposing that Joseph was a born statesman "a natural ruler," as some would represent him. But he was a man well endowed, who, in his youth, evidently consecrated all he had to God, and lived as seeing Him who is invisible.

God used such men for His work. Joseph's training was received in slavery and in prison. He made the best of his opportunities there. He occupied his time in growing in grace. "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." A repining man might have stayed in slavery and in prison fifty years without developing the faith, and reverence, and loyalty to God which Joseph attained in a fourth of that time. The most perfectly poised man in the world are those who carry heavy burdens. He who under a heavy load stoops from absolute erectness of position will be crushed, but he who maintains his upright heart is the supreme test of fitness for rulership.

Servitude and imprisonment gave Joseph opportunities for gaining strength for his future duties. Most men who do anything for the world pass through similar severe experiences. Had Jacob known that his son was alive, and a slave or a convict, he would have spared no effort to redeem him; so poorly do parents judge what is best for their children. But there wasn't grace or stamina enough in Joseph to enable him to become the chief of his father's sons in a household where he was petted as Jacob petted him. The favorite sons, whose fathers delight to dress them in fashionable clothing and to protect them from all chafing contact with the world, rarely come to anything.

Prosperity didn't hurt Joseph. Had he preceded his harder experiences, it would probably have ruined him. He would have trusted in himself, and forgotten God. But he passed through a training which taught him that his faithfulness and ability didn't fit him to a position of power. It was no mock humility that prompted him to tell his brethren that God had placed him in power. Three times, in varied phrase, he declares this truth to them: "God still believes God to be true. There he still believes God to be true. There he still believes God to be true. There he still believes God to be true."

Two years pass away, and he is called to interpret the double dream of a king. He comes reverently to his duty, confessing his God as the one who spoke through him, and evincing no trace of distrust in the fulfillment of the prophecy. The fulfillment of the prophecy as to himself is delayed, but he still believes God to be true. There he still believes God to be true. There he still believes God to be true. There he still believes God to be true.

He was a faithful man, doing all for the glory of God, wherever God placed him. As a slave, as a prisoner, he did his best. But this was not the secret of his promotion. Of all "golden texts" ever misapplied to a lesson, that of the lesson of November 14 is the most out of place: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." I presume that three-fourths of all the Sunday-school teachers who taught that lesson took the suggestion of the golden text, and enforced the necessity and value of diligence and faithfulness in those who desire to succeed in life. If they did so, they missed the lesson, which should have been drawn from this story, and misled their scholars.

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Joseph's diligence and faithfulness had nothing to do with his promotion. Review the story. A prisoner is called

to interpret the dreams of a king. He begins by declaring that he cannot interpret it, but his "God will give Pharaoh an answer of peace." The dreams rehearsed, Joseph declares, "God hath showed Pharaoh what He is about to do," and prefaces the interpretation with a repetition of the same assertion. Not content with twice declaring that God had made the revelation, he again, after closing the interpretation, for the third time enforces the truth, declaring as a reason for the repetition of the dream that "the thing is established by God, and will shortly bring it to pass."

Then follows the plan for saving the people. Was it Joseph's plan? Plainly not. It was a part of God's message to Pharaoh, as certainly as was the interpretation of the dream. Joseph was never in a better condition, and more fully accomplishing the great design of the Church in its establishment. The editorial departments are ably and efficiently sustained. On entering the editorial sanctum of the *Christian Advocate*, we find Dr. Buckley, the editor-in-chief, busy, pen in hand, preparing for the next issue of his paper. His kind salutations, and offering us the use of writing materials in his room, were highly appreciated. He is evidently intent on placing the *Advocate* at the highest point of excellence, and we doubt not will be successful.

Dr. DePuy, the assistant editor, has the rare faculty of making you feel at home, and by his easy, ready conversational power, makes his presence a pleasure.

For such a man God always has a use.

It may be a high or a low place, but he will have an opportunity to do something for God, and the grandest thing which can be said of Joseph is that he had such a character that God was able to use him to carry out His great purposes.

of one year's incidents, and that first, in the religious life of a lady, showing how her piety gradually worked out its benign influence in daily life. It will be read with interest and with abiding profit.

Roberts Brothers issues STORMS ON THE SEA TOLD BY SAILORS, by E. Hale. Mr. Hale is an imitable author in stories, and he also has a series of tales in fiction, and in presenting a volume contains a dozen chapters, according to naval voyages and sad and scenes of shipwreck. It is charming boy readers, and has the whole flavor of truth besides.

Macmillan & Co., London and New York, publish, in an attractive form, AND LIFE: An Old Story, by the Eleventh Century Costume, by Charlotte Yonge. 12mo, 426 pp. Miss Yonge's style is unsensational. Her story is a modern day, but with something of the staleness of the novel of a century ago. It is a pleasant romance, teaching a wise moral in its attractive pages.

J. R. Osgood & Co. issue the "Author Edition" of BALLADS AND TALES, by Alfred Tennyson — this edition of 112 pages. This beautiful little volume was set up, printed and bound in a little over twenty-four hours, and is a masterpiece of taste and skill. The illustrations are all the picturesque beauty of Tennyson's style, and the harmony of his measure, Rizpah, The Northern Cobbler, The Village Wife, Sir Lancelot, The Castle, The Voyage of Midas, Defense of Lucknow, etc., are excellent poems, and bear the unmistakable stamp of the author's genius. The little volume will be a delightful and tasteful gift.</p

### The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON I.

Sunday, January 2. Luke 1: 5-7.

By REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

ZACHARIAH AND ELIZABETH.

I. Preliminary.

Dates: u. c. 6, Oct. 3-9.

2. Places: Jerusalem, and some one of the larger cities, towns, possibly Hebron, in the hill country of Judea.

3. Symbolic Events: Rome, the mistress of the world; Augustus Caesar, emperor.

Other Roman writers, Livy, Ovid and Seneca, among the Greeks, or those who wrote in Greek, the geographer Strabo and Plutarch, Plutarch, the whole.

4. The Author's Note: Luke (Lucanus) was a physician, and beyond this nothing is known of him. He is supposed to have been a native of Antioch in Syria, and a companion of St. Paul in his missionary travels, and to have preached in Africa, and to have died a natural death. His Gospel, the genuineness of which is unanimously admitted, was written in the Greek language, and though addressed in the preface to one Theophilus, was evidently intended for general circulation among Christians. Its date is previous to that of the Acts (which was also written by Luke), and is variously put at between A. D. 60 and 64. The hand of the physician is evident in the description of our Lord's miraculous cures, and especially in the parables of healing. Says Wordsworth: "Luke succeeds in distinguishing between ordinary diseases and demoniacal possession; representing Satan as an agent from without in the soul, and emanating from within in the flesh. Then follows the Greeks became familiar with the true doctrine of the cause of evil, and the relation of the powers of darkness to it, a subject on which they had in vain striven for illumination from their schools of philosophy."

### II. Introduction.

There dwelt in Judea in the days of an aged and devout priest named Zacharias, who, with his wife Elizabeth, of priestly descent, had kept the traditions of the ancient days, and walked modestly in the commandments and statutes of the Lord.

They were compelled to endure the severest affliction which could befall a believing Israelite, "who looked upon the newborn infant as the possible fulfilment of promise." Zacharias belonged to the class, or order, of Abia, the eighth of the sacerdotal classes established by God to conduct the Temple services in regular rotation. It came to pass on one occasion when he went to Jerusalem to perform his priestly functions, that it fell by lot to burn incense on the golden altar. At the solemn moment of the blood of the sacrifice began to flow, and the worshipers in the outside courts were offering their prayers, and a fragrant smoke began to rise, under Zacharias' supervision, in the Holy Place. The angel Gabriel suddenly appeared at the right side of the altar of incense.

The priest trembled with astonishment and alarm, but the celestial messenger calling him by name, bade him dismiss his fears, assured him that his voice had been heard, and that his wife should no longer be barren.

This second Sarah should give birth to a son consecrated to a glorious mission.

"His name should be called Jesus; the vow of the Nazarite should be given him from birth, and he should be clothed with the plenitude of the Spirit."

He had the attention of the Christian world, by J. S. Bach, who gives many details of the stories of the life of Jesus.

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## CONTENTS.

PAGE

Original Articles.	
God's Christmas Gift (poem). — A Chapter on Eyes, and How to Use Them. — Christmas Tide (poem). — Who Bang the Bell. — Letter from Cincinnati.	409
Religious Declaration. — Letter from New York. — A Review Glance at Joseph. OUR BOOK TABLE.	410
The Sunday-school.	
Work at Conference. COMMERCIAL. Advertisements.	411
Editorial.	
The Southern Problem. EDITORIAL ITEMS.	412
Notes from the Churches.	
HIBRAL Calendar. — Post-Office Addresses. — Preachers' Meeting Announcements. — Business Notices. — Church Register. — Advertisements.	413
The Family.	
In the Snow (poem). — Incidents in the Early History of Methodism in New England. — Christmas Carol. THE LITTLE FOLK. — The Little Folks' Book. — The Story of Jesus (poem) — A Carol (selected poem). FOR YOUNG AND OLD. RELIGIOUS ITEMS.	414
Obituaries.	
Thirtieth Anniversary of the Freedmen's Aid Society. — New Bedford District Preachers' Meeting. — Advertisements.	415
The Week.	
Reading Notices. — Advertisements.	416

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.]

ZION'S  
HERALD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1880.

"I do rejoice to see a smile,  
How my young heart, a stranger then to care,  
With transport leaped upon this holiday,  
As o'er the house, all gay with evergreens,  
From friend to friend with joyful speed I ran,  
Bidding a Merry Christmas to them all." — *Southery.*

It is the accepted anniversary of the divine Child that closes this week, and well may Christian childhood be taught to rejoice in it. It is more with us a holiday than a holyday; but it might, and will take on more of a religious character with the non-Episcopal, as well as with those churches, as its true significance is appreciated. Every Sabbath is, indeed, a Lord's day; but it is eminently suitable that one day in the year should be set apart to remember the wonderful birth of the Son of God and Son of Man into our human life. It matters little as to exactness of date. The one now generally accepted is a convenient one. It is proper that it should be a family festival; it is the anniversary of the child Jesus. Well may the home gifts be opened before the wondering eyes of the little ones, as the wise men spread out their treasures before the divine Babe and its mother. What has Christianity done for the child, and what for its mother? It has turned the hearts of the fathers to the children, and of the children to the fathers, and has emancipated and elevated woman, both by its divine cradle and cross. The Christian idea should never be left out of Christmas; in its gifts and gladness, in its congratulations and carols, its home and sanctuary services, the vision of the star, of the angelic choir, of the human-born Immanuel, should never be forgotten. Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, and good-will among men — the first Christmas song — now follows the sun in his whole course around the world; it wakes as his beams touch the summit of Foosiyama, and dies away in happy vespers as it sweeps over the Sandwich Islands.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

"Prayer must be a serious business; more than the hurried five minutes in the morning and the drowsy five minutes at night. If this be the whole of the time the twenty-four hours can supply for prayer; if prayer be no more in quantity and no better in quality, it will yield but little delight." Thus spoke the late Rev. Zephaniah Job, and his practice harmonized with his speech. It was his habit to retire five times a day to commune with God. Hence his life became saintly and his ministry fruitful. Such frequent opportunities for retirement do not lie in the line of every man's life. Nevertheless, to quote Mr. Job again: "When a man says, 'I have no time to pray,' it always means, 'I have no heart to pray,' and it were a wiser thing to say, 'I have no time to eat and drink,' than to say, 'I have no time to pray.' This is doubtless true; still it must be remembered that God does not measure our prayers by their length so much as by their depth. Yet who ever prayed fervently without praying frequently, and without attaining to such a degree of spiritual devotion as to approximate at least toward the spirit of the apostolic precept, "Pray without ceasing?" As a matter of fact, no earnest disciple regulates his devotions by the clock. To commune with God is the richest pleasure of his life, and his opportunity to enjoy it is the measure of his indulgence in it.

Backbiting is called by Dr. Moore a "malignant sort of insanity." In some neighborhoods it often takes on an epidemic character. The same doctor illustrates this latter feature with the fact that in a certain nunney sister one day bit her companion. The other nuns were at once seized with the same disposition to bite. The mania spread from cloister to cloister, until, says Cardou, it infected every nunney in Europe. A strange mania, surely! But is it not yet more strange and pitiful that multitudes of men and women who are in the main friendly toward each other, should be possessed by a mania which leads them to habitually bite each other's reputation? It is, indeed, a pity that it is so. Yet if every Christian would steadfastly resolve "to speak evil of no man," this latter mania would

speedily die out from the church of God.

The folly of the prevailing passion among rich men for adding million to million, and thus acquiring more than they can either conveniently use or enjoy, is finely rebuked by our greatest dramatic poet in these lines addressed to one such rich man:

"For like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
Then bears the heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads them."

Happy are those rich men who, like our Seney, Hoyts, and Cornells, unload themselves in life's bright middy, by pouring liberal portions of their gains into our colleges and other benevolent treasuries!

We must be Protestants in fact as well as in name. We must exercise our right to accept or to protest against whatever is presented to our minds as truth. We must listen and be wise for ourselves, irrespective of what others around us may think or do. We must be especially careful in our treatment of the teachings of Christ. We are to remember that His teachings are clothed with the highest possible authority; that "never man spake like this man"; that He "alone" has "the words of eternal life."

It is not necessary that a man should succeed every time in his endeavors to be right and to do right, in order to have the favor of God. God looks at the motive and intent of the struggling heart. He honors devotion to right and duty, the aim and endeavor to be right.

However long it may be delayed, judgment is sure, at some time, to follow the footsteps of transgression. Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, we may persuade ourselves that it will not be executed at all. But Nemesis follows us ever, like our own shadow, and nothing but the watchful mercy of God can break the force of her deadly blow.

## THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

It seems a good time now to withdraw this problem of the South out of its political relations, as far as possible, and to consider calmly the real condition of things, and the probable outcome, irrespective of party organizations. Happily, to our surprise and pleasure, a few of the leading Southern papers are taking this very sensible and encouraging course; notably so the *Wesleyan Advocate*, under Dr. Haygood. With the finest and healthiest climate in the civilized world, where divine laws are not transgressed by ignorance and reckless folly, with every variety of soil for the production of the tropical fruits and the harvests of the temperate zone, with staples that command the markets of the world, with rare water-privileges, with many of the oldest settlements in the country, the Southern States, as a whole, present the most undeveloped, unthrifty, uninviting appearance — with the exception of a few cities — the most slipshod agriculture, the fewest manufacturers, the poorest railroads and appliances, the least comfortable homes, even in the instance of men of property, the meanest public buildings, the fewest colleges and higher schools, the largest proportion of the miserably ignorant and poor, whites as well as negroes, to be found in the country.

Two hundred years after the South had planted its colonies, the West sprung from birth and has already far outstripped her, with fewer advantages of soil and climate, in the race of development and prosperity. While in New England, and the newer New England at the West, there is a general thirst — many very wealthy men indeed — but a general average of comfort, with small farmers, intelligent and educated, and mechanics and small merchants residing in neat and well-furnished houses, at the South there are two millions of white people, cultivated in a degree, many of elegant address, born above manual labor and despising it, living in easy luxury, waited upon by numerous servants, among them the recognized rulers and magistrates of the States, holding their power by a sort of perpetual hereditary right; and seven and a half millions of whites, the large majority mean, ignorant, in laborious trades, or obtaining a scanty living on farms, many of them residing in huts not to be compared with Northern barns, whiskey-loving, tobacco-smoking, negro-hating, and apparently inevitably condemned to the parish caste; and these in addition to the four and a half millions of black men. This is a feudal civilization, fading out into a self-assured aristocracy. A portion of these two millions are hereditary barons, the born rulers who have always held the South in their hands. They are naturally amiable people, courteous, lavish of kindness and attention upon guests, and eminently orthodox in their religious sentiments. Partly through the different social conditions of the emigrants from England and France to these States, and largely on account of the fatal institution of slavery, this wide social gulf has

separated the two classes in these States. The natural tempers that we should expect to be developed in such a condition of society, with a governing and a servile class, are the characteristics of Southern men today. An exquisite sense of personal honor, with false standards, and an uncontrollable passion on the part of the higher classes, brutal appetites in the instance of the lower, and an indifferent idea of the sanctity of human life, are everywhere apparent.

Mr. Redfield, a gentleman of Southern sympathies, in a volume to which we have alluded heretofore, upon homicides, shows that in the Southern States there are more of these than in any country on the earth rated as civilized. Since the civil struggle there have been an aggregate of recorded cases of murders in these States amounting to 40,000; equal to the ravages of a great war. In the three States of Texas, Kentucky and South Carolina, in 1878, there were 734 homicides and 523 persons severely wounded. In Texas alone, in this year, there were more instances of murder than in all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Minnesota, with their ten millions of inhabitants. In South Carolina alone, the same year, there were more than in New England, Michigan and Minnesota, with six millions of people. It is very difficult to gather full statistics of Southern homicides, as they attract so little attention, while every one finds a full record when occurring at the North; so that these recorded statistics of the South are far within the facts. In Kentucky there are more homicides in a month than in Massachusetts in a year. These homicides are not those of whites by blacks, but are largely confined to the whites. In the South the population is native born, living in agricultural districts and not in cities as at the North, which makes this exhibition of violent deaths all the more appalling. What is even more singular, in such States as Indiana and Illinois, it is found that in the lower portions which have been settled by emigrants from the South and in the upper from the North, the same relation as to the number of homicides exists between the two parts of these States as between the North and South. What is the significance of this? And why is it true that, while nearly all these homicides at the North are sure to arouse the whole community, to be a matter of immediate judicial inquiry, and to call down upon the perpetrator, if discovered and found guilty, certain and severe punishment, a small proportion of these Southern homicides reach the courts, or are visited with adequate punishment or even with public reprobation?

The solution of this delicate social and civil problem is to be found in the education and elevation of the laboring classes at the South. The seven and a half millions must be taught to know and exercise their rights, and not to be simply the creatures of the two millions now composing the governing class. The great lack of the South, as Judge Tourey suggests, is the town meeting as well as the school-house — that wonderful public university, where, on the same floor, the shoemaker, the blacksmith and the farmer together discuss town affairs with the minister, the doctor and the lawyer; where the state and national senator is only a citizen with his individual suffrage. There is nothing of this at the South. It is this, with the common school, that has made our laboring citizens feel their own equality, as well as know that it is recognized before the courts. It is not the negro or chiefly who needs to be educated, at the South; it is the poor whites. Until they are liberated from the ignorance and the social chains that bind them, they will be the helpless servants of this arrogant ruling class. This will be a slow work; but it has already commenced, and its progress is inevitable. During the quarter of a century preceding the war, the South shut herself in and permitted no voice or press to question her social civilization; but she is exposed to them now on every side. The mails are no longer robbed, and the South is flooded with Northern periodicals and books. The Yankee schoolmarm — herself an institution, and one of the most amazing, too, of the nineteenth century — is at the South in great force. She cannot be quenched. She is, like the final retribution, a consuming fire against all social abuses. Northern men are there; and they are fighting on the battle of caste, many of them, at great sacrifices. The establishment of factories and the running of new railroad lines are bringing in skilled and independent labor. The judicious distribution of the annual product of the noble Peabody Fund is awakening new interest in the pub-

lic schools, and with the fine institutions established at various points at the South by Northern charity for the education of the colored people, a body of cultivated teachers will be annually sent forth to meet the requisitions of the increasing educational opportunities.

It looks now very probable that this sectional policy, which has bound the South together in order to insure for herself certain advantages from the national government that she has thought could not otherwise be obtained, will not long be preserved. Local and personal interests, and varying views of national policy will soon divide the South as it does the North. The colored vote will be long find defenders in these party divisions among themselves. It is impossible that guaranteed rights, founded on the principle of justice, should be long withheld. The Southern men will soon be disabused of the folly of believing that New Englanders are their natural foes, and hate them at sight. The interchange of visits, and the slow but certain growth of business interests between the two extremes, will wear away this prejudice. A writer in the *Nation* of Nov. 18, penning his letter on Sunday morning (which is significant), in his home at Little Rock, Ark., says that he is a Southern man bred and born, but has been a good deal at the North. As to the business men, with whom he is evidently most familiar, he says "they are disposed to take a rather charitable view of the sins of the South." The North, he thinks, is Republican, not for any governmental policy, but "out of pure animosity to Southern people." Whenever he spoke with a "deacon or a class-leader," he nearly always discovered them, he says, to be animated by feelings of hatred towards the South which they cultivated as a pious duty. This visitor has certainly been unfortunate. He is honest, but he does not know what he is talking about.

The exodus, which doubtless will

continue with greater volume for a year or two, will make the black man of more value to the South, and secure better contracts for him and their better enforcement. Ex-Governor Brown, of Georgia, one of the most intelligent and able of Southern men bred and born, but has been a good deal at the North. As to the business men, with whom he is evidently most familiar, he says "they are disposed to take a rather charitable view of the sins of the South." The North, he thinks, is Republican, not for any governmental policy, but "out of pure animosity to Southern people." Whenever he spoke with a "deacon or a class-leader," he nearly always discovered them, he says, to be animated by feelings of hatred towards the South which they cultivated as a pious duty. This visitor has certainly been unfortunate. He is honest, but he does not know what he is talking about.

"We are better prepared for manufacture than the North. We have advantages of climate, cheap labor, and the material educational question very much at heart. Disguise it as you may, the New England States, with their schools and universities, have dictated laws to the South, the same relation as to the number of homicides exists between the two parts of these States as between the North and South. What is the significance of this? And why is it true that, while nearly all these homicides at the North are sure to arouse the whole community, to be a matter of immediate judicial inquiry, and to call down upon the perpetrator, if discovered and found guilty, certain and severe punishment, a small proportion of these Southern homicides reach the courts, or are visited with adequate punishment or even with public reprobation?

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## Notes from the Churches.

## MASSACHUSETTS.

**New England Conference.** — Prof. Edward H. Rice, son of Dr. William Rice, of Trinity M. E. Church, Springfield, is gaining golden honors by his lectures and readings in that city.

**Boston Highlands.** — Rev. F. K. Stratton and wife have been granted by their official leave of absence till the first of March, and have gone to North Carolina. Mrs. Stratton, whose recent illness has filled many with grave apprehensions, is comforted, and by the advice of her physician the Southern trip is taken, with the confident expectation of her complete recovery. The love and confidence of this people in their pastor were tangibly manifested by a gift to him of \$20 on the eve of his departure South.

**South Boston, Dorchester Street.** — The visiting of Mr. William C. Richardson, of Somerville, and Miss Gertrude A. Tower, of Boston, was solemnized by Rev. N. T. Whiteaker, assisted by Rev. George Chadbourn, in the church, in the presence of about three hundred invited guests, Dec. 8; and on Friday, Dec. 17, a reception was given by the young couple at their home in Somerville to more than two hundred guests.

**Chelsea.** — Mrs. Rev. William Butler spoke, last Sabbath morning, in the Bellingham Church, to a large audience on "Personal Reminiscences of Mission Life in India." It was a stirring address. In the evening five were at the altar for prayers. Rev. D. W. French, to aid in extra meetings this week.

**Somerville.** — The pastor, Rev. A. Howard, who now resides on the charge, spoke earnestly of early Methodism, and showed that its true spirit was necessarily missionary. Addresses were also made by Brother Chase, Prof. Bradgdon and Brother Dillingham. The singing, under the direction of Dr. Tourje, was entirely missionary in sentiment, and the meeting as a whole was a success.

**Saxtons River.** — The old church promises here were abandoned last Sabbath. In view of the tender associations naturally clustering around such a hallowed spot, an element of sadness entered into that last service; yet on the whole the brethren were far from sad in view of the change then and there effected. They were only responding to the call to "come up higher." Why be sad countenance in view of this translation from the frail and perishable structure in the vale, into the new and beautiful temple above? Bishop Foster has been invited to dedicate the new church, which glad event is to occur (D. V. Jan. 5, 1881). Rev. Wm. R. Clark, D. D., alternate, Bishop Foster is as yet in the South, and has not been heard from. It is reasonably expected — though this is by no means certain — that he will be coming north in season to honor us with his distinguished services on the, to us, important and memorable occasion referred to. A regular "notice" of the same will appear in next week's issue.

**PASTOR.** — The beautiful M. E. church at Granville narrowly escaped destruction by fire, last Sunday evening; cause, a defective chimney. The fire was discovered during the evening service, and as it was under full headway when first seen, nothing but the most vigorous efforts on the part of pastor, people and the neighborhood prevented the complete reduction of the building to ashes. Great damage was done by the fire and water, which injury, is covered by insurance.

**Shrewsbury.** — Great success is attending the labors of Rev. W. Wiggin in Shrewsbury, where he is highly honored and loved by both the church and community.

**West Fitchburg.** — A new house near the church has been rented for a parsonage, furnished handsomely and substantially by the Ladies' Benevolent Society, and is now occupied by the young pastor and his bride. The congregations are good, the Sabbath school flourishing, and the financial matters well worthy of description.

**Turner's Falls.** — The most remarkable feature of Turner's Falls is the City Hall, a fine brick and stone structure, in the site of the old coldly critical schools. With regard to general appearance in the same way, the church is remarkable.

**North Fitchburg.** — The Methodist church has been moved into its present neat and commodious edifice. The location is one of the best in town, was decided to the society by the Turner's Falls Water Power Company, and selected nine years ago by Rev. L. R. Thayer, D. D. Plans for the new church have been decided upon, and the work will be rapidly pushed to completion.

**South Fitchburg.** — A very successful fair, with no guess cards, voting, or gambling of any description, has just closed, net results, \$450. While others did well, the chief credit for this success belongs to H. W. Willson, chairman of the executive committee, to his highly estimable wife, and to Sister A. J. Hinckley, whose energy and perseverance made the paper in connection with the fair a success. This church, which has passed through some severe ordeals, seems to be entering upon a better life and future. The scattered forces have been largely reunited, and are working together upon a hopeful basis.

**New Bedford District (Prov. Conf.).** — The beautiful M. E. church at Granville narrowly escaped destruction by fire, last Sunday evening; cause, a defective chimney. The fire was discovered during the evening service, and as it was under full headway when first seen, nothing but the most vigorous efforts on the part of pastor, people and the neighborhood prevented the complete reduction of the building to ashes. Great damage was done by the fire and water, which injury, is covered by insurance.

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passed through some severe ordeals, seems to be entering upon a better life and future. The scattered forces have been largely reunited, and are working together upon a hopeful basis.

**Chilmark.** — Steady, substantial work is the order here. Brother Smith is holding social meetings in the different neighborhoods of his scattered charge. That at West Tisbury is very successful. The people are making an effort to pay a steward's debt of two or three hundred dollars. The debt was incurred in buying a horse and carriage for the parsonage. The experiment was a failure, for the first man used up the whole concern, leaving only the debt for his successors.

**North Tisbury.** — Brother Washburn is enjoying his work. Several persons have recently been received into the church from probation.

**Vineyard Haven.** — Brother Steele is following Dr. A. Clarke's advice. He has all — irons, shovels, tongs and poker — in the fire, and as yet none of them burn. His branch of the C. S. C., his choral union, and his Sunday-school class are all flourishing and useful, while none of the usual church agencies, including a children's class-meeting, are neglected. Pastor and people are thoroughly happy in their work.

**Sheva.** — The quarterly meeting of the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in Wesleyan Hall, on Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 2 o'clock. The meeting was opened by singing. Mrs. Bullock read the Scriptures, and Mrs. Holway offered prayer. The treasurer reported the receipts during the quarter, \$3,498.89; expense and remittances to foreign fields, \$3,322.57. The corresponding secretary, Mrs. Alderman, reported from the foreign fields, and gave interesting facts in regard to the work in India, China, Japan, Mexico and Rosario. The recent disasters at Nyne Tal and Tokio were described. The success of the home work was given in reports by the various conference secretaries. A nominating committee was appointed to present a list of officers for election at the annual meeting, to be held in March.

**Miss Chapin.** — After singing, and taking a collection, Miss Chapin, from Rosario, was introduced and addressed the meeting. Miss Chapin gave a short history of the formation of her school and the character of the pupils. The description of the isolated condition of the missionaries, their deprivation from all contact with the elevating, refining influences of Christian friends, and the absence of helpful or religious literature, showed a painful feature in the life of the two children who have had for some years worked alone in the mission in South America. The successful work that has been accomplished made the appearance of Miss Chapin before the meeting peculiarly acceptable.

**An address.** — Followed by Mrs. Butler, in which appeal in behalf of the Heathen Woman's Friend was made; and the importance of the education of young ladies upon the subject of missions was urged. Mrs. Butler then gave some interesting details of the massacre at Cawnpore, and closed with an earnest exhortation to renewed activity in spreading the Gospel to the women of heathendom. The meeting closed with singing.

**MAINE.** — Bishop Peck spent last Sabbath with the churches at Augusta and Hallowell, preaching three times. Monday evening he preached at Gardiner, and assisted Brother Lindsey in lifting a debt of \$2,000, thus freeing the church from all incumbencies.

**Uxbridge.** — The recent marriage of the pastor of the M. E. Church here, Rev. G. H. Perkins, to Miss Tillie Prest, daughter of Mr. Wm. Prest, of North Uxbridge, was a most auspicious occasion. Rev. S. C. Carey performed the ceremony in the presence of the many assembled relatives and friends. Numerous gifts, including a silver tea service, cake basket and butter dish, were presented to the happy couple.

**Lyman.** — The quarterly meeting of the South Street auxiliary of the W. F. M. S., held in the audience-room of the church, Sunday, P. M., Dec. 12, was an occasion of delightful interest to the large congregation present. These services are of regular occurrence, the official board of the church having allotted this part of the Sabbath, once a quarter, to the W. F. M. Society. At a preceding meeting Mrs. McLaughlin had stirred all hearts by her thrilling words, and the announcement that Miss Blackmer would speak on this occasion, brought many to the service. They were,

however, disappointed in the unavoidable detention of Miss Blackmer, whose place was filled by Miss Chapin, the returned missionary of the W. F. M. S. from Rosario, South America. Her remarks were entertaining, instructive and weighty. The South Street auxiliary is in a flourishing condition, with more than seventy members, and not the least encouraging feature in its history is the fact that the people anticipate these quarterly meetings as regular services of the church.

**At a meeting** of the preachers of the eastern section of North Boston district a committee was appointed to communicate with the preachers of the district on missionary matters, as far as practicable, furnish speakers for special missionary meetings, and also furnish missionary documents for distribution to those who desire. The following brethren constitute the committee: J. O. Knowles, Joseph Cummings, H. W. Bolton and C. S. Rogers. The committee will be led to render any assistance in their power to the preachers on the district in the interest of the cause of missions.

**Abundante.** — Sabbath evening, Dec. 12, was devoted to the cause of missions, in harmony with the recent recommendation of the Board of Bishops. The pastor stated the basic necessity of such a call; and Rev. A. K. Howard, who now resides on the charge, spoke earnestly of early Methodism, and showed that its true spirit was necessarily missionary. Addresses were also made by Brother Chase, Prof. Bradgdon and Brother Dillingham. The singing, under the direction of Dr. Tourje, was entirely missionary in sentiment, and the meeting as a whole was a success.

**Saxtons River.** — The old church promises here were abandoned last Sabbath. In view of the many terms, and cannot fail to accomplish much good. Every Methodist society in Massachusetts should hear her. The Sunday school and church are greatly prospered under the judicious management of their pastor, Rev. W. M. Ayres.

**Springfield, State Street.** — The young people's society cleared \$100 by their recent course of hours, and have devoted it toward the education of the debt upon the church.

**Granville.** — The late quarterly meeting at this place was a season of interest. Three were baptized, and the pastor received six into full membership. The church here is in excellent working trim, and the finances are well in hand.

**Catais.** — Our church here is holding on its way and keeping in working order. Its spiritual condition is very good, and the brethren are united and determined to win. Rev. W. L. Brown preaches for them every Sabbath afternoon.

**Milford.** — The last quarterly occasion was of interest. The pastor baptized three and received several into full membership. Sister Brown, the pastor's wife, has been confined to her room a number of weeks with fever, but she is now improving. She is very much missed in the social meetings of the church.

**Tremont.** — The pastor, Rev. C. Rogers, says: "A series of gospel meetings with a view to the revival of the work of God. Rev. B. F. Stinson, Rev. Mr. Jones (Congregationalist), and Bro. Smith, evangelist, united with us together, with G. P. Mitchell, evangelist, from Portland, a very devout and earnest brother. The results were not what we hoped, but God gave us some fruit. Wanderers were brought home to God, a few converted, and twenty-quite kindled in their spiritual life. I am sorry to report that Bro. Rogers is laid aside with a severe attack of quinsy."

**Ortington.** — Rev. G. G. Winslow very kindly supplied the place of the presiding elder at the quarterly meetings of the two charges in this famous old Methodist town. They were seasons of refreshing. Bro. Amy, pastor at the front, baptized one and received two into church fellowship. Bro. Winslow is at present suffering from an attack of erysipelas.

**Steuven.** — Rev. J. H. Moers, of Ellsworth, officiated at the quarterly meetings in Steuven and Millbridge recently. There is a good degree of religious interest at the last named place; several appeared as earnest seekers of salvation.

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## The Family.

### IN THE SNOW.

The winter has come, there is snow on the hillsides. The beauty of purity rests on the earth, The people are glad, they think of the Christ.

That comes ever near in its bountiful and mirth.

But under the joy-songs are sighs and lamenting, Some faces grow white, some hearts are afraid; Some houses are overshadowed, and some who now suffer Will under the snow before Christmas be laid.

The streets are too full of the desolate children. The poor are disconsolate, hungry, and cold;

There is gaunt Woe for guests in too many a household; Oh, children of God, do not heap up your gold!

The snow that is clothing your gardens with beauty.

Men sorrow and suffering all the sad day To many a brother and sister among you; Oh, turn not from hearts that are pleading away.

There is still a great joy that to-day shall enrich you. The pleasure of doing to others some good, Will the Master who watches, say ever unto you.

My servants, My friends, ye have done what ye could?

Let kind eyes look out on the sorrows of others. Let hearts the glad comfort of good service know, And a blessing from heaven shall fall on your spirits, And summer be yours, as you pass through the snow.

Marianne Farningham.

### INCIDENTS In the Early History of Methodism in New England.

BY REV. ALFRED BRUNTON, A. M., D. D.

SECOND PAPER.

But to return to the old street. Why was it called "Mutton Lane?" It derived this name from incidents of the Revolution, when the British occupied Long Island and New York city, and their war ships were cruising in the Sound. As before stated, this street ran down to the shore of the Sound, at or near where Barnum, the prince of showmen, now has his palatial residence. The Tories of the Revolution would steal their neighbors' sheep, convey them down this lane to the shore, ship them in some light crafts, convey them to the British, and receive their gold for them.

On this same street, some four or five miles north of the old church described in my first paper, Lee succeeded in forming another class, the members of which had some means wherewith to help themselves; and about 1791 they built a little church, and called it "Lee's Chapel." This must have been the first Methodist church or chapel built in New England. It was a small building according to the measurement of the present times, but it was almost as much to the Methodists as Solomon's temple was to the Jews. The house was probably thirty by twenty-eight feet. It stood in the middle of the highway, had galleries on three sides, with a high box pulpit, but was never painted, inside or out, or lathed, or plastered.

At the time of its erection, money was a scarce article in the country; consequently it was built without the aid of that commodity. Some quarried and hauled stone for the foundation; others hewed and hauled timbers for the frame; others furnished boards and shingles; and some sold grain or other produce to procure nails and glass. The work was done by volunteer labor. I saw no stove in it—such a convenience in a church was not known at that time—but we gloried in having such a place to worship in, even twenty years later. Since then I have noticed the dedication of one or two successors of this first church. But what became of the material fragments of the old house, I know not. They ought to have been wrought into furniture, canes, or musical instruments.

This first chapel was one of the four Sunday appointments of a four weeks' circuit, and in it was held one of the quarterly meetings for each year. Quarterly meetings in those days were like the Jewish feasts, worthy of notice. In that house I heard Joseph Crawford, Aaron Hunt, Billy Hibbard, Arnold Schofield, Oliver Sykes, Nathan Emory, and others of note in our early history. The aged sisters of whom I have previously spoken related many amusing anecdotes of Lee. On one occasion, while preaching at their father's, a child became restless, and its mother started to carry it out. A son of Bell, seeing her movement, put out his foot to trip her and cause her to stumble, if not fall, to the floor. Lee saw it, and stopping short in his discourse, looked sharply at the man, and said, "When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them," and went on as if nothing had happened. But the audience who saw it turned their eyes upon the culprit, and he wailed, and soon left and trembled them no more.

On another occasion, being invited to eat at a table fit for a prince, after he had asked a blessing, the lady, who, like too many others in our world, must make some apology, said, "I am very sorry, but my viands are not fit to eat." "Well," said Lee, "if that is the case, I won't eat a bite of them;" and moved away from the table.

The deep ignorance of, and prejudice against, the Methodists in those times, may be judged from an expression of Rev. Mr. Waterman, of whom I spoke in connection with the dedication of the old church, but previous to that event. He was talking about the Methodists using the word "glory" as expressive of their happiness in the love of God, and said he didn't believe a Methodist knew what glory meant. But he probably changed his mind on this subject, for a year or two later he invited Rev. John N. Maffit, the famous Methodist revivalist, to hold a revival meeting in

his own church, which resulted in an addition of some eighty to it; and it was said that some of the converts used the word quite freely. It is to be hoped the reverend gentleman felt and enjoyed himself, as do his people more generally now.

In those early days of Methodism the limited means and privileges were apparently more appreciated than the same are now. Mother Wells told me of walking four miles in a sleet storm to a prayer-meeting to meet half a dozen, and when she reached the place her cloak was so covered with ice that it would stand alone on the floor. But she said she was well paid by the peace and love of God in her heart.

When I went to Bridgeport in 1809, there was not a Methodist in the city, and people hardly seemed to know that there was such a people in the world, although a class and regular preaching were within two miles of them. Those I inquired of had heard there was such a people out in Mutton Lane, and believed they met at Father Wells'; but did not know certainly. It was soon inquired about that a Methodist had come to town, and curiosity, with some, was on tip-toe to see what kind of a being he was. When I walked the streets, in some houses the people rushed to the doors and windows to see me. I heard some of them say, "He looks queer;" others said, "He appears like other folks."

When Sunday came, I started for Mutton Lane to find the Methodists, inquiring for Father Wells. As I entered the door, Mother Wells came to meet me with outstretched hands and smiling face, saying, "I presume this is our young brother we've heard of in Bridgeport. We are glad to see and welcome you among us." Of course, I felt at home and among God's children. It would be well if Methodists nowadays would greet strangers in a similar way.

I found this to be the preaching place for the circuit preachers once in two weeks, and that Billy Hibbard was to be there the next night. But the prayer and class-meeting for that day would be held some two miles distant, to which we all journeyed on foot, and had a good time. This class, though twenty years old, was but small, with perhaps twenty members; but they were plious. The next night I heard the eccentric Billy Hibbard, and gave him my certificate of membership. Here I gave my first exhortation and was licensed to exhort, and here I made my first effort at preaching. It being the first class of Methodists formed in New England, I was the first person licensed in it. During my stay in the class (three years) we had a glorious revival, and when I left it there were about a hundred names on the class book.

One incident illustrative of early Methodism is worthy of record. There was a family by the name of Penfield living on the king's highway—so-called from being established before the Revolution—between Fairfield and Bridgeport, very respectable, having some wealth, and moving in the upper circles of society; but not one of them had ever heard a Methodist preach or pray, though they lived within four miles of where such preaching and praying had been established for twenty years. They had heard of such a people, but imbibed the common opinion of the country that the Methodists were a fanatical deluded people and not worthy of notice; but being harmless in their lives and conduct, they should be let alone.

It so happened that in the absence of the father on business, Wakeman, the oldest son, being of age, made a visit to Green's Farms, some four miles west of Fairfield. He had not been there for a year, and in that time a revival of religion had occurred and several of his friends and acquaintances had been converted.

After supper, he, supposing the state of things was as of yore, was standing at the front gate of the house where he was staying, on the lookout for some acquaintance, with whom to spend the evening in youthful glee, when a friend came along whom he hailed, asking what he was going.

"To meeting," was the reply.

"What meeting?"

"Why, a Methodist meeting."

"Well, I guess I'll go, too, for I never went to one, and I should like to see what kind of people the Methodists are."

Nathan Emory preached, and such a sermon young Penfield had never heard before; and, the Holy Spirit attending the Word, he was powerfully convicted and deeply awakened. Learning that Emory was to preach the next night at Osborn's, at Greenfield Hill, he followed him there, and his convictions were deepened. The next day (Saturday) he returned home; but his convictions were too deep to be hidden. His conduct was changed. The family noticed it, and inquired the reason, and he frankly told them declaratory of his purpose, by the help of God, to save his soul. This, of course, brought a state of feeling upon the family never experienced before. They were all moral in a worldly sense, but strangers to such an experience.

Penfield's house was large, and the preacher, standing in a door between two rooms, could be seen and heard in both. There were probably two hundred people gathered, the most of whom had never heard a Methodist. The two preachers and their guide arrived at just the right moment. I was glad, of course, to yield my post. One preached, and the other exhorted, as was the custom in those days. The meeting proved to be a success. Methodism was established in this outpost.

On Sunday morning Wakeman mounted his horse, went to Lee's chapel, and heard Emory again; and his convictions and purposes were strengthened, he stayed in the class-meeting, where he heard experiences such as he felt he needed, and invited Emory to call at his father's house the next day on his way to Wells'. It would be some two miles out of his way to do so, but he accepted the invitation. Wakeman, on reaching home, informed his mother and the family what he had done, and hoped they would treat him with respect, for his sake, if no other; but this they would do anyway.

Monday being unusual wash-day in Yankeeedom, that business was deferred to Tuesday, and due preparations were made to receive the strange visitor. An unusual solemnity pervaded the minds of the whole family, with one exception. Hannah, a rollicksome lass of thirteen, arrayed herself with ruffles,

curls and ribbons more profusely than usual, and every time she came near her solemn brother she would inquire for his "Methodist priest." But on the appearance of the preacher change "came over the spirit of her dreams." Such a countenance she had never seen—solemn and yet cheerful. Conviction seemed to reach her conscience at the sight of him. As soon as possible she retired to her room and divested herself of all extras, even to the rings in her ears, combed back her hair in the good old Methodist style of that day (though she had never seen one), and took her seat with the rest of the family.

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This family was a model one in several respects. The parents and five children were members of the church. All the domestic arrangements were in model style and order. Wakeman became a respected and useful local preacher. One of the daughters married Rev. Cyrus Silliman, long an itinerant in the New York Conference. Hannah married a worthy doctor; and the others all held honorable positions in society. Taken altogether, it was a respectable, representative family of early Methodism.

### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY REV. E. STUART BEST.

We sing, we sing, a youthful song; Our merry, merry Christmas song;

We will be grateful, glad and gay,

On this our Saviour's natal day.

We sing, we sing, with angels raise

Our Christmas carols in His praise;

The highest glory to our God,

On earth let peace be shed abroad.

We sing, we sing, our Saviour's birth,

Our God from heaven came down to earth;

A manger was the cradle bed

Where Jesus laid His infant head.

We sing, we sing, of Israel's king,

Of David's Son and we sing;

A Child is born, a Son is given,

To lead low sinners home to heaven.

We sing, we sing, our hearts we give

To Him who died that we might live;

Through eternity to Thee,

O Babe divine, our praise shall be!

We'll sing, we'll sing, all heaven will ring;

While at His feet our crowns we fling;

And saints and seraphs prostrate fall;

And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

### The Little Folks.

#### THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

"Father, won't you buy me a gun?" exclaimed Philip Goodnow, rushing into the sitting-room where his father sat reading a newspaper.

"No, my son. I can't buy you a gun," was the decided answer.

"Why not? All the boys have guns, and I do want one dreadfully," beseechingly.

"I will provide you with better pleasures than to take the lives of pretty birds and harmless animals."

Philip knew from his father's determination that further entreaty would be useless, but he chafed under the disappointment. He was the owner of a fine spaniel dog, and the possession of a gun would equip him for hunting. He left the house angrily, and walked slowly down the road.

Suddenly his eye fell on a large Russian leather pocket-book lying on the soft, springing grass close to the bridge. He picked it up and opened it with nimble fingers. There were two ten-dollar bills and several silver pieces inside, and on the front of the pocket-book was written, in large letters, the owner's name, "Frederick Comstock."

Philip turned his steps toward Mr. Comstock's house to restore it to him, but after proceeding a few rods, he met his evil genius, Albert Harrison, a schoolmate, who exercised a great influence over him.

"What have you there? a pocket-book?" asked Albert, with a greedy glare in his eyes. He had been fishing near by, and saw him pick it up, and was on hand to secure, if possible, a share of the contents.

"Yes, it belongs to Mr. Comstock. I'm going to take it to him. There are over twenty dollars in it."

"What a fool! Keep it; nobody'll know it."

"You do," laughed Philip.

"Give me a little of the money, and I'll keep quiet as a mouse. Mr. Comstock is a rich man. He don't need it one-quarter as much as you and I do."

"Would buy me a gun," replied Philip, reflectively, "and he can really spare it as well as not."

Strange the boy should have allowed the demon tempter to gain admittance in his heart; but he did. He gave him hospitable entertainment there, and hid the pocket-book away under his jacket. He agreed with Albert to give him three dollars for silence—"hush money" he called it—and with the rest he intended to buy his cousin's gun, conceal it in the woods, and the next Saturday slip off on the sly and accompany the boys on a hunting expedition. What a base, foul plot to spring up in so young a head!

When Philip reached home at noon, he was somewhat dismayed to see Mr. Comstock standing on the steps in earnest conversation with his father.

"Last evening," said Mr. Comstock earnestly, "I lost my pocket-book. I can't tell whether I was robbed, or dropped it somewhere. Will you allow me to put up a notice advertising it in your store?"

"Certainly."

Philip heard this bit of conversation, hurried up-stairs to his room, and thrust his treasure down to the bottom of an old trunk.

Soon the bell rang for dinner and he went into the dining-room. His little sister sat beside him at the table.

"Phil," she lisped, "Mister Tomstock's pocket-book has got away. Do you know who took it?"

"How should I?" replied Philip, with a hot, red face.

"Too bad; he won't have any money to buy his little girl candy with, will he?"

Philip swallowed a hasty meal and left the room. There was a sting in his heart. He could not bargain for the gun that day, and put it off till the next. Still the purchase was not made. He could not quite bring himself to do so mean and dishonest a deed. Albert, in the meantime, clamored for his pay.

"When I get ready to use the money, I'll pay you for holding your tongue," was Philip's answer.

A week passed. Philip still held possession of the pocket-book, and its contents were untouched. Conscience was torturing him, and he could get no sunshine or happiness. He longed to return it to Mr. Comstock, but after keeping it several days he dared not carry it back. Poor Philip! Darkness and wretchedness surrounded him. Surely, the way of the transgressor is hard.

One night his sleep was visited by a terrible dream. He thought he was traveling over a road so beautiful that it was enchanted ground. Tall trees and rare, rich flowers grew on either side, and the soft air was full of bird songs. Never in his life had he been so supremely happy. Suddenly the scene changed. The way grew dark and dismal. The terrible roar of fierce wild beasts was heard close by, and there rushed from the forest a giant, hideous and horrible, with eyes like two balls of fire and a red hissing tongue protruding from his mouth. The monster stood right in Philip's path, ready to seize and devour him. To advance would be death, and he shrieked and trembled with affright. He saw now he had fallen into the highway of giants and robbers. The road so alluring at first was dark and dangerous. Was there no way of escape? Only by taking another road, which he could dimly see; but he used all the power of nerve and muscle he possessed, and soon reached it. Strange to say, on this new road terror departed. He saw the giant more, and walked boldly forward, while a broad rich sunlight illuminated his path, which brightened as he advanced.

Philip awoke at midnight to find it was all a dream. He saw it was his guilty, accusing conscience which was the giant in his path. He knew the dishonest course he was pursuing would in the end be dark and dangerous on the robber's highway, and he saw in Albert Harrison an evil counselor who should be shunned forever. Philip prayed for light and help, and his soul grew strong and peace came.

The next morning he hurried to Mr. Comstock. He confessed boldly that he had found the pocket-book and kept it for a time till his

THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY  
of the Freedmen's Aid Society.

## DR. RUST'S REPORT.

We are thankful to Almighty God that the past year has been one of so great effort and encouraging success. The Society has collected more money, made greater additions to its school property and accommodations, raised to a higher grade the standard of scholarship in its schools, furnished more well-trained graduates, developed a higher type of Christian character and life, brought more souls to Christ, and sent out a larger number of educated teachers, physicians, and preachers to aid and save the ignorant and neglected masses of the South, than it has done during any previous year of its history.

While we rejoice in the encouraging statement or a small increase in this department of benevolence, we are pained at the thought that our Church, so influential in membership and money, should do no more for this race, which has suffered so terribly in our midst.

## INTEREST ON OUR DEBT.

We may rejoice in the income of the Society for the past year, as a liberal installment of interest on the principal, and an honest recognition of the great debt we owe this race, and which we have so long neglected to pay. But the time to liquidate this debt has come. The payment of both principal and interest cannot longer be postponed without discredit to the people, peril to the nation, and offense to God.

## WORK AT HOME.

The American Church has a mission of vast importance to fulfill in the world's conversion to righteousness and truth, and while it embraces in faith and effort the whole world, it must not neglect that part of it nearest home and easiest of access, which can be cultivated at the least expense, and which, when brought under the power of the Cross of Christ, will exert controlling influence upon the destiny of nations. In an effort to save the whole world, vigilance must be employed to preserve this country from the incoming tide of vice and wretchedness from abroad, and ignorance and lawlessness at home.

## THE YEAR'S WORK.

The financial statement for the twelve months ending July 1, 1880, is as follows:

## RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR.

Cash in treasury July 1, 1879	\$676.74
Contributed from July 1, 1879, to July 1, 1880	28,603.33
Loan for "Christians Hall and their buildings"	13,412.18
Land Endowment	\$6,884.00
Total receipts (including \$13,412.18 loan)	\$104,576.25

## EXPENDITURES FOR THE YEAR.

Salaries and board of teachers and school expenses	\$42,011.09
Salaries corresponding secretary, office, and traveling expenses	3,401.61
All of young men preparing for the ministry	722.00
Clerk hire	1,300.00
Printing	1,429.15
Postage on buildings	1,228.00
On Real Estate and Buildings: General Hall, Clark University, Atlanta, Ga.	\$28,000.00
Clark Hall, Clark University, Atlanta, Ga.	15,500.00
Mohr Med. Coll., Nashville	4,300.00
Wiley University, Marshall, Texas	1,913.00
General Inst., Jacksonville, Florida	416.66
Venue in treasury	42,476.72
Total disbursements	\$97,492.25
Total indebtedness at the close of last year	10,192.14
Loan covered Indebtedness incurred in the erection of Christians Hall and other buildings	13,412.18
Total indebtedness at the close of this year	22,704.32
Reduced and disbursed during 13 years	883,918.04

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BY REV. W. WIGNALL.

God of the fathers, who of old  
Thy covenant and mercies kept  
To them who long in death have slept,  
Hear, and to me Thy love unfold!

Frostrate before Thy throne I lie,  
Thy love hath drawn me to Thy feet,  
To plead before the mercy-seat;  
I dare not from Thy presence fly.

If Thou thyself to me deny,  
I have no refuge nor defense  
To save me from my soul's offense,  
And to Thee and my love must die.

Lord, I am now convinced of sin,  
And of Thy right to reign in me;  
Oh, bid my soul from sin be free,  
And may Thy reign be given to me.

All former vows I now renew,  
And wholly yield myself to Thee;  
My time, my goods, and all in me—  
I consecrate them, Lord, anew!

No more let sin and self divide  
My heart and life with Thee, O God!  
But let my feet with peace be shod,  
And in my heart Thy love abide.

Let now consuming fire descend  
Upon Thine altar in my heart,  
To fully sanctify each part,  
That I may never Thee offend.

I die to self; I live to Thee;  
By faith of God's great Son I live;  
I live, and as I now believe,  
The mighty work is wrought in me.

**MEXICO AND HER NEW LIFE.**

BY REV. WILLIAM BUTLER, D. D.

**SECOND PAPER.**

To one who, like myself, has seen  
the first beginning of railway development  
in Mexico, the present vision of  
activity for complete intercommuni-

cation in that country and for free  
intercourse with the railroad systems  
of the United States, appears almost  
fabulous. The very week in which

I entered Mexico the railway from  
Vera Cruz to the capital (263 miles  
in length) was opened. This was  
the first, and for five years nothing  
more was done. The Jesuits and  
their faction in the country did not  
want railroads, nor what railroads  
are sure to bring in—foreign and  
free thought and the literature of  
other nations, with the missionary,  
the traveler and man of business, all  
tending to rouse up the souls of men  
to better thoughts, wider views, and  
reformed methods of action. They did  
not desire these things, but wished to  
retain their dark dominion over a be-  
nighted nation, and hold them there  
forever, without improvement, so as  
to continue to receive for themselves  
and their myriads of monasteries  
and nunneries the whole stream of  
the nation's wealth.

This was their policy, and for  
hundreds of years they pursued it  
until they sunk Mexico so low that  
she became a by-word among the  
nations. Even when the hour for  
change could no longer be postponed,  
they offered a dogged resistance to  
the introduction of the railway sys-  
tem. It would have been within the  
power of the hierarchy of the Church  
of Rome to have built that railroad  
from Vera Cruz to Mexico City with  
their surplus funds, and have real-  
ized from it a splendid resource, but  
much as they desired to make money  
(and that was largely their occupa-  
tion in the past, for they well under-  
stood bonds, mortgages, rents, min-  
ing, etc.), they would not invest a  
single peso in such a heretical enter-  
prise as a railroad. So, as the wealth  
of the nation was then so much a  
monopoly of the church, the govern-  
ment had to go abroad to invite the  
foreign capital that was necessary to  
build it, as well as the foreign engi-  
neers and employees who were to  
work it. Yet even then, after the  
enterprise was commenced and the  
rail had climbed the Cumbres, and  
was then laid on straight for the  
capital through the rich valley of  
Puebla, these clerical ignoramuses  
actually raised such a clamor against  
the idea of a locomotive disturbing  
the quiet of "their holy city of Puebla,"  
that the survey was surren-  
dered, and a new one had to be un-  
dertaken, making a detour *via* Boa-  
del Monte, and so obliged to run for  
about sixty miles through a country  
that was almost a desert, and without  
any important place to furnish busi-  
ness for it.

I have seen the inhabitants of a  
Hindoo town turn out with all their  
pots, pans and kettles, on the occa-  
sion of an eclipse, to frighten away  
"the monster which had seized upon  
the moon and was trying to take its

life;" but it might be a question  
whether they were more foolish in  
doing so than were the wise men of  
the Romish Church in Puebla, in  
1863, when they resolved to frighten  
away from their city the first railway  
in Mexico. Well, they succeeded;  
but five years afterward their busi-  
ness men, already chagrined enough  
at the ignorance and folly of their  
clerical superiors, had (to save the  
trade of their city) to get a branch  
built, thirty miles long, to connect  
with the line at Apizaco. They  
need not have had this expense and  
delay. The railroad would have  
come to their doors direct from the  
port. They have good occasion long  
to remember the medieval and lim-  
ited notions which rule the Romish  
Church wherever it is not influenced  
by the broad and benevolent views of  
Protestant civilization.

But such stolidity dies hard, and it  
has only just now given up the ghost  
in Mexico. During his entire ad-  
ministration President Diaz, with a  
tenacity worthy of his enlightened  
and patriotic mind, has urged the  
Congress of Mexico to sanction the  
introduction of a railway system  
broad enough to embrace as many of  
the states as possible in its blessings,  
and also to connect the whole with  
the railroad system in the United  
States, going east and west, so as to  
open out for his country the great  
opportunities it requires for its devel-  
opment, and also to lead into it all  
the appliances which we can send  
them for their good.

But a few impracticals, full of  
the prejudice and limited conceptions  
of the dark past, thwarted the propos-  
als of the worthy President, so that  
he was unable to carry out his views;  
till, at last, the appeal was made to  
the country in the general elections  
held this year, and these old furies  
received leave to stay at home. The  
constituencies sent up to Congress  
men with broad and patriotic prin-  
ciples, who sympathized with the ex-  
ecutive; and without delay he was  
authorized by the new Congress to  
close the concessions with the com-  
panies which (with plans and propos-  
als all ready) had so long waited for  
this hour. The result is, a compre-  
hensive scheme and a bustle of ac-  
tivity in railroad building that few  
nations have ever witnessed, and  
which, for Mexico, seems like the  
dawning of "the golden age."

Before presenting to your readers the  
extent of these railway concessions,  
permit me to recall a fact or two  
which, by contrast, will intimate the  
bearing these schemes of the eager  
business men who are driving them  
on are likely to have upon the peace  
and welfare of that once distracted  
land, but, above all, upon its evan-  
gelization, which must come entirely  
from without.

In my weary journeys in Mex-  
ico, where, like India, roads of any  
kind were so seldom made, the public  
conveyances are dragged by six  
or eight mules over tracks that rack  
every bone in one's body, and this,  
too, at charges for the journey which  
exceed in expense anything which I  
have known elsewhere. What a de-  
light it will be to the members of our  
missions to be able to exchange (as  
they soon will) the long and toilsome  
days and nights spent in a *diligence*  
shut up with smokers and almost  
choked with dust, for the rapid railroad  
car that within twenty-four hours  
or less will convey them from any part  
of our mission to its centre. The  
charge for the holding of our annual  
meeting will not cost the Missionary  
Society one-half the expense that it  
now does. The superintendent or  
presiding elders will be able to visit  
their work with a promptitude and  
economy of strength and cost that  
will be a delightful change upon the  
past; and our Bishops (instead of being  
like Bishop Haven, three weeks  
upon the weary road between the Rio  
Grande and Mexico City) will be able,  
after presiding in the Conferences  
of Texas, to come by rail the  
whole way, visiting our northern sta-  
tions *en route* to the capital.  
"Haste, happy day!" And yet this  
will be only a small part of the moral  
and religious benefits which these  
business men, who are now building these  
lines of railway, are going to confer upon poor Mexico. Surely,  
even their work is a part of the mer-  
ciful plan of God for that land which  
is soon to bloom "like the garden of

the Lord," and whose "darkness" is  
to become as the noon-day!"

I have, Mr. Editor, lately shown  
you the map of the great railway sys-  
tem now being developed in Mexico.  
Few, if any, of your readers have an  
adequate idea of its extent and power  
of development, connected as it is  
with the steamship lines which are  
also being inaugurated on both the  
Pacific and the Gulf, together with  
the plans of irrigation, the improved  
methods of agriculture and mining  
now being entered upon, and the exten-  
sion of the telegraphic and educational  
systems of the country. To all such the following facts will be  
welcome news:

1. The largest concession (with  
right of way and subsidy to it, as to  
all the rest) is that made to the "Cen-  
tral Railway of Mexico," whose  
headquarters are here in Boston. This  
will be a broad-gauge line, and will  
run from the city of Mexico to El Paso  
in the north, through the states of  
Mexico, Queretaro, Guanajuato, Aguascalientes, Zacatecas, Durango and Chihuahua, together  
with a branch from Tlancapana to Pachuca, and another from the city of Leon through Guadalajara to the port of San Blas on the Pacific, from  
which a line of steamships will run to San Francisco. This road will pass through the great valley of Bahia—the garden of Mexico—and the great mineral states of the northwest, where, at El Paso, it will join the "Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad," which will connect with Boston and New York, and at the same place will receive the  
"Southern Pacific," which will connect with San Francisco on the northwest. Another branch of the "Central Railway of Mexico" will run from Valverde through Tucson down to Guaymas in the gulf of California. This enterprise includes, probably, two thousand miles of road, and will pour its entire flood of trade and commerce into United States markets.

There was no fault with the button  
or the hole, but only with the stiff,  
clumsy fingers unused to any service  
so small. But his wife did not tell  
him that she secreted his inability to  
manage his collar lay in the very fact  
that all his life "two women-folks"  
had done it for him. She only fastened  
the neck-tie, brushed his hair, and  
helped him on with his overcoat,  
saying gently, "I presume Mary's  
getting ready to go with you. You  
know you always liked to have her go  
to meet you on the last night  
of the year."

"Then if she's going, tell her to  
come along! I can't wait for her to put  
on all her turbanos. I want to stop at  
Squire Nelson's about that mortgage.  
Of course he means to foreclose."

"Oh, no! I don't believe it, Gideon.  
He isn't any such man," said the  
poor woman's face grew a shade  
more weary and white; "but you go  
right along, and Mary will go when  
she is ready. It's a beautiful night,  
and I'll walk down with her myself.  
You'll be there to come home with  
her?"

"Of course I shall. I'll be there,  
if for nothing else than to keep George  
Nelson from coming. He needn't  
think I'm going to let the farm and the  
girl both go into his father's family."

"Now, Gideon, don't talk so!  
You've been behind on the interest  
before this, and Squire Nelson was  
willing to wait. I don't believe he  
will touch the farm."

And the Deacon didn't believe it  
either; but he didn't get much com-  
fort from that, since it did not alter  
the fact of his not having the money  
due, or save him from the rasping  
duty of saying so to the bland old  
Squire. And Deacon Frost was the  
last man in the world to let his wife  
be comforted, if he was uncomfortable  
himself. He always told her the  
darkest side, and with an air that  
made the meek soul feel in some myste-  
rious way responsible for all his woes.

"Well, he's got a great many cares,  
child, and he cannot help being angry  
whenever he is in debt. He's growing  
old, daughter, and we mustn't mind  
his ways. To-night he was specially  
anxious to get off early, and  
everything went wrong. You know  
he is never late to church," added the  
loyal wife, anxious to say all possible  
good.

"All that may be true, mother,  
and out in the world he bears things  
like a man and a Christian. I've no  
doubt he will give as good testimony  
to the mercies of the past year as any  
one in the meeting to-night; but he  
will fret just as quickly if the break-  
fast is two minutes late to-morrow  
morning. I don't want his kind of  
religion, mother. A faith that won't  
help a man to keep his temper isn't  
worth having." And the girl's face  
flushed with the energy of her words.

"Stop, stop, my child! You don't  
know what you are saying! Your  
brother Harry said that before he  
went away. Don't let me hear it  
from another child. There's no fault in  
the faith. There's no fault in the  
precious Christmas gift, sent us from  
God. If we take so sparingly and  
use so blindly that we miss the bless-  
ings that is every Christian's heri-  
tage, the fault is not in the Giver or  
the Gift. Your father's faith is your  
mother's, Mary, and she tells you  
it has been her only strength and com-  
fort and delight. You will come to  
know it, some time, for yourself, and I  
believe my boy, if he lives, will come  
to know it, too."

"Father gone?" asked the girl.  
"Yes, dear, and I'll walk down a  
little way with you," said her mother,  
stooping to pick up the stocking she  
was darning, thus hiding her face  
from her daughter's questioning eyes.

"No, mother, I don't want to go.  
I can't let you go out on such a cold  
night. I was going more because I  
thought father would expect it than  
for anything else."

Seeing her mother's agitation, the  
girl said no more, but gently led her  
on to talk of the brother who had left  
home at the age of sixteen, and had  
never been heard from since. At the  
time of his departure, Mary, now on  
the verge of womanhood, was four  
years of age, and all through her  
childhood and youth her imagination  
had played around her faint memories  
of him, catching eagerly at whatever  
her mother could tell. Her father  
never spoke of him, except to upbraid  
his desire of his parents and his  
duty. Whatever had been his offense,  
the Deacon had not forgiven, but Mary  
knew how the mother's heart yearned  
and softened that they hardly recog-  
nized, at first, the voice of Deacon  
Frost. After a few broken sentences  
it grew clearer, and he told of his  
struggles with poverty, of his effort to  
hold his home, of his hard conviction  
that God was looking after everybody's  
welfare but his, and leaving him,  
though he had tried to serve  
Him, to fight his battles alone. He  
told them of the humiliation and bitterness  
with which, this very night, he had gone  
to the house of his creditor with the  
admission that he could not pay his debt,  
and that he had been met there by the smiling state-  
ment that the debt, principal and  
interest, had, this very day, been paid  
by a friend, or by friends, who wished  
to remain unknown. He had no  
unknown friends. God must have  
moved the hearts of these, his brethren,  
to such compassion on his anxiety  
and care, and the act had been  
as coals of fire upon his heart,  
lighting it till he saw his hardness  
and sin, warming it till it melted in  
gratitude and love to God and to  
those who had done this good to him  
who had tried to love God, with  
little love to his fellow-men.

He made a bad piece of work of the  
story, but the people knew he felt it,  
and that he was going into the New  
Year with a new love in his heart.

And there were tears running down  
the white, wrinkled face in the back  
seat. The Deacon's wife was glad  
she came.

They sang a verse, and Mary's  
voice was sweet and clear. Young  
Nelson heard it; the Deacon saw him  
turn around and search for Mary in  
the crowd, yet, strange to say, no  
anger arose in his heart.

The moments sped on. There was  
stillness. Every heart was silently  
laying its burden upon the breast of  
the dying year—it's burden of the  
things to be "left behind" before the  
soul could "press forward toward the  
mark." It was all very sweet and  
still, and the Deacon's wife felt how  
good it was to be there, when there  
arose from her side the tall form of a  
man who had occupied the seat alone  
when the mother and daughter came in.  
She had not looked at him, but now as she gazed at the erect figure  
and the bearded face, she saw and  
knew her son. A stifled moan es-  
caping her lips. His eyes looked ten-  
derly down upon her and steadied and  
gave her strength. She clung to the  
hand he gave her, and bowed her face  
upon it while he spoke:

"I cannot let the old year go," he  
said, "sitting here among my old  
neighbors, without telling them of the  
blessing that year has brought to me.  
It has been the year of birth to me—  
of birth into the only real life—that  
hidden with Christ in God. Thirteen  
years ago, on the last night of the  
year, while my parents prayed here  
with you, I turned my back on you  
and on my home, on my baby sister's  
face, on my mother's tears, and began  
my life of wanderings. They have  
lasted many years; they have led me  
into many forbidden paths; but in  
every one, however far astray, I have  
heard the voice of God calling me. I  
have seen my mother's face watching  
for me through the nights; and es-  
pecially as each year brought around  
the anniversary of my flight, have I  
felt her prayers following me. I have  
heard her speaking tenderly to me  
again and again. I have remembered  
the love with which she made and hid  
for me the little Christmas gifts, and I  
resolved to arise, and, while this year  
still lingered, to bring myself back to  
my mother, and to acknowledge before  
you all the wonderful mercy and  
love which I have found in returning  
to my mother's God."

And as the last words died upon  
his lips, and he sat down, throwing  
one strong arm around his mother and  
drawing her head down to his shoulder,  
the Deacon knew from whom his  
New Year's gift had come.

"Forgive me, Harry," he said  
aloud, moving with outstretched hand,  
and the tears streaming over his rough  
cheeks, to the side of his son.

"Nay, father, forgive me;" and  
as they clasped each other's hands,  
the old church clock struck twelve.

"Perhaps he will not mind," said  
the mother, hesitating, "though, as  
usual, he was not pleased that I did  
not go, and I thought perhaps I ought  
to, if it would make him any happier."

"But it wouldn't, mother dear,"  
said the young girl hastily, and  
throwing aside her cloak, she drew a  
low chair to her mother's side and  
gently pulled the darning from her  
hands, as she went on: "I really  
think the more we try to please him  
in every little thing, the more fault-  
finding and exacting he becomes."

"Hush, child!" and the mother's  
thin hand passed softly down the girl's  
cheek to her lips.